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Pleading of the Heart of Jesus.

Forget Me not, 'ts thus My Heart is pleading.

With you for whom again I fain would die.

Forget Me not, for you, this Heart once broken,

Still loves you from Its glorious throne on high.

Forget Me not, upon the silent altar

They pass Me by and leave me all alone;

They've love enough for all, for every other,

For Me, their God their hearts are cold as stone.

Forget Me not, for I am ever waiting

For friends who will My bitter wrongs atone;

Forget Me not, for I am ever craving

Devoted hearts who'll make My woes their own.

Remember thou the burning words I've whispered

When thou hast rested on My Heart in prayer;

Forget not all thy vows exchanged and plighted,

As silently our hearts held commune there.

Forget not all I have to thee imparted

In the hushed stillness of Communion hour;

That hour of hours, when heart on Heart reposing,

I've made thee know My love's o'ermastering power.

Forget Me not, when desolation tempts thee

To plunge into the world's tempestuous sea,

Remember how the sin-laden and weary

My Heart invited, saying, "Come to Me"

Forget Me not, lest one day I thus reproach thee,

When I came thou gavest Me no kiss;

And oh, no thought in bitterness can equal

The self-reproachful agony of this,

Forget not in the weariness of sorrow,

There is a home for thee, thy Savior's breast;

Be comforted, the day is ever nearing

When there thou'lt find thy long thy endless rest.